THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 16, 1809.

Origin and Progress of Amusements in London.

Selected from " Malcolm's Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London during the Eighteenth Century."

CONCERTS of vocal and instrumental music were held, as at present, at the commencement of the century, and patronised by ladies of distinction.

The great room in York-buildings was used for this purpose; and benefits were appointed for Mrs. Hudson and Mr. Williams, March 20, 1700.

A concerto was held at the theatre in Dorset-gardens, April 24, 1700, with a most curious accompaniment, in order to amuse the auditors optically as welll as auricularly. Joseph Thomas, master of the noble science of defence, had challenged or been challenged by a Mr. Jones, who came from North Wales, in order to decide whose skill was superior; after a trial before many of the nobility and gentry, the palm was assigned to Mr. Jones.

While the superior ranks were thus employing their leisure hours, their *canaille* had their amusements, perhaps not quite so refined, but equally palatable to them. The following advertisement will explain one description of those, probably entirely forgotten by the oldest inhabitant now living; April 27, 1700.

" In Brookfield market-place, at the east corner of Hyde-park, is a fair to be kept for the space of sixteen days, beginning the first of May. The first three days for live cattle and leather, with the same entertainments as at Bartholomew-fair; where there are shops to be let ready built for all manner

of tradesmen that usually keep fairs; and so to continue yearly at the same time and place."

The present Tunbridge-wells, or Islington Spa, was in full favour with the public, and opened for the summer on the 5th of May. The proprietors admitted dancers during the whole of the day on Mondays and Thursdays, provided they did not appear in masks, for whom music was provided. In this instance it may be worthy of remark, we have no parallel at present; and happily none for the Bear-garden at Hockley in the Hole, where the infamous part of the community were entertained with battles between eminent professors of the art of fencing, and sometimes with five pair of young men exhibiting together proofs of skill and strength.

"At his majesty's Bear-garden in Hockley in the Hole; a trial of skill to be performed to-morrow, being the 10th instant, (July, 1700), at three in the afternoon, between John Bowler of the city of Norwich, and champion of Norfolk, master of the noble science of defence, and Will of the West, from the city of Salisbury, master of the said science of defence."

The trumpet, always a favourite instrument with the public, was then used only by persons licensed by the serjeant trumpeter, who received, upon conviction, one shilling per day from those who performed without a licence, which William Shore, serjeant, assured the public should be given to the poor, as the fines had been by his father, whom he succeeded in the office. These instruments are now used by persons who wish to attract notice at puppet shows, Bartholomew-fair, &c. the amusements peculiar to which can only be caught by an attentive examination of the periodical publications of the day. An article in one of those, dated August 6, 1700, mentions:—

"The lessees of West-Smithfield having, on Friday last, represented to a court of aldermen at Guildhall, that it would be highly injurious to them to have the erection of all booths there totally prohibited, the right hon. lord mayor and the court of aldermen have, on consideration of the premises, granted licence to erect some booths during the time of Bartholomew-fair now approaching; but none are permitted for music booths, or any that may be a means to promote debauchery."

On the 23d of the same month the lord mayor went on horseback to proclaim the fair, when he ordered two booths erected for the performance of music to be taken down immediately.

Amongst the variety of amusements with which London has abounded, public exhibitions may be fairly included. The first upon record within the century appears to have been certain models representing William the Third's palaces at Loo, Keswick,

Keswick, and Hunslaerdike; those were shown in 1701 from ten in the morning 'till one, and from two 'till eight at night, "at the White Head, near Pall-Mall, facing the Haymarket, within three doors of the glass lamps." The proprietors elegantly observe in their advertisement, that they were "brought over lately by outlandish men;" and that, "to render those diversions altogether more delightful and acceptable, there will be a collection of several curiosities to be sold and raffled for at the opening, and likewise every Monday and Friday following, those days being appointed the public rafiling-days, besides a great variety of rarities; and to entertain the nobility and gentry (who, the undertakers hope, will countenance them with the honour of their company) there shall be on Wednesday the 14th instant, (January), a concert of music by the best performers; and if all these diversions please such for whom they are intended, there shall be from time to time great additions made."

However pleasing and moral the stage may be at present, we are in great measure indebted to our ancestors for the improvements which have taken place. In the reign of Charles II. the licence permitted to dramatic authors was indecent and infamous in the extreme, and the profane and immoral expressions inserted in many plays really rendered the use of masks necessary for those ladies who possessed the least delicacy of sentiment.

In 1701-2 another and effectual effort was made to reform this evil, by a prosecution instituted in the court of king's bench, and tried before Lord Chief Justice Holt. The jury on this occasion found the players of Lincoln's-Inn-fields playhouse guilty of uttering impious, lewd, and immoral expressions.

In April, 1702, an advertisement appeared in the papers, inviting the public to see the skeleton of a whale then lately caught in the Thames, which the proprietors had carefully scraped and put together in the field near King-street, Bloomsbury. They asserted that one bone of his head weighed 40 cwt. The price of admission was three-pence.

This stupendous exhibition accompanied another of the model of Amsterdam, which almost vied with it in size; the length was between twenty and thirty feet, the breadth twenty; and the artist, or artists, were occupied twelve years in completing it. The place of exhibition was Bell-yard, Fleet-street.

The following quotation from the first number of the Secret Mercury, published September 9, 1702, gives a better idea of one of the drolls or interludes of the day than any I have previously met with:—

"Wednesday, September 2, having padlocked my pockets, and trimmed myself with Hudibras from head to foot, I set

out about six for Bartholomew-fair; and having thrown away substantial silver for visionary theatrical entertainment, I made myself ready for the farce; but I had scarce composed myself when bolts me into the pit a bully, beau," &c. &c. "The curtain drew, and discovered a nation of beauish machines; their motions were so starched, that I began to question whether I had mistaken myself, and Dogget's booth for a puppet-show. As I was debating the matter, they advanced toward the front of the stage, and making a halt, began a singing so miserably, that I was forced to tune my own whistle in romance ere my brains were set strait again. All the secret I could for my life discover in the whole grotesque was the consistency or drift of the piece, which I could not demonstrate to this hour. At last all the childish parade shrunk off the stage by matter and motion, and enter a hobletehoy of a dance, and Dogget in old woman's petticoats and red waistcoat, as like progue cock as ever man saw; it would have made a stoick split his lungs, if he had seen the temporary harlot sing and weep both at once; a true emblem of a woman's tears. When these Christmas carols were over, enter a wooden horse; now I concluded we should have the ballad of Troy-town, but I was disappointed in the scene, for a dancing-master comes in, begins a complimenting the horse, and fetching me three or four runbars with his arm, (as if he would have mortified the ox at one blow), takes a frolic upon the back of it, and translates himself into cavalry at one bound; all I could clap was the patience of the beast. However, having played upon him about half a quarter, the conqueror was pursued with such a clangor from the crusted clutches of the mob in the sixpenny place, that for five minutes together I was tossed on this dilemma, that either a man had not five senses, or I was no man. The stage was now over-run with nothing but Merry Andrews and pickle-herrings. This mountebank scene was removed at last, and I was full of expectation the successor would be pills, pots of balsam, and orvietan; but, alas, they were but half empirics, and therefore *exeunt omnes.*"

Hitherto we have had to notice amusements which involved the performers in little corporeal injury, unless from accidents, or sudden quarrels. I shall now introduce an entertainment the very best of which consisted in a great number of broken pates. "At the White Horse at Bristol Causeway (now denominated Brixton) in Surrey, three miles from London, in the road to Croydon, will be a hat played for at cudgels, on the 23d of April, 1703; the country against the Londoners. He that breaks most heads to have the hat; he that plays puts in sixpence." Smock-races were run at this elegant place of resort "by young women and maids," to the utter disgrace of the neighbouring magistracy.

Firing

Firing at marks formed part of the amusement of a certain class of people in 1709; and prizes were offered of various descriptions, particularly one at Islington of a pair of doeskin breeches, worth 3l. The terms for the privilege of firing were a subscription of one shilling each by sixty men.

A most tragical occurrence happened in September, 1709, at that polite place of resort the Bear-garden, at Hockley in the Hole. Christopher Preston, keeper of the garden, had taught his bears every thing but forgiveness of injuries; and this he experienced, at an unguarded moment, by an attack from one, who not only killed, but almost devoured him before his friends were aware of the fact.

THE VILLAGE CURATE;

Or, As you Like it.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 31.)

THE return of the worthy pastor to his mourning flock was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbour in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while, by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, chearful age sat and quaffed the nut-brown ale, talked over the feats of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Charlotte, the lovely Charlotte, no more a prey to grief, no more the victim of despair, listened to the impassioned breath of love. The gallant Trueman forgot not to claim, nor did the blushing maid refuse, the promise she had made; and before the hour of parting came, her tongue confirmed the passion which her eyes revealed.

Every transaction that had occurred since Lord Belfont's arrival in the village, he had transmitted to his friend Bremere; and, on confirmation of the oppression which his steward had exercised upon his tenants, inclosed the discharge of that unfeeling wretch; with an order to deliver his accounts to Mr. Benley, whom he appointed his successor. A letter, announcing to this gentleman his appointment, also accompanied the packet; which Bremere duly forwarded from London in the manner his friend had directed. By this time Bremere, on the permission of Belfont, who now intended to assume his real name and character, had refuted the opinion which had been entertained of the derangement of his lordship's finances. The whole was declared to be a feint; and no one was more affected

affected at this unexpected discovery than Lady Caroline Blandish, the former object of Belfont's regard.

The sensations of Sandford, on reading his lordship's letter, were such as are familiar only to the guilty mind. In addition to his inhuman treatment of the worthy curate, and libidinous designs on the honour of his child, he had been guilty of the most barefaced acts of fraud on his employer; and, conscious that he had wasted the property of another man, in extending his own ambitious projects of greatness, the conflict became too painful for him to bear. The perturbation of his mind brought on a violent fever; which, as he refused every medical assistance, soon terminated his miserable existence.

Far different were the feelings of Mr. Benley on the perusal of this epistle. That which the ambitious Sandford lost by pride, he through humility had acquired. The salary annexed to the office of steward amounted to 300l. a year, an acquisition which Mr. Benley as little expected as his release from prison—

"How variegated," exclaimed he, "is the life of man! His morn of infancy rises immersed in clouds, and the louring tempest carries ruin in its aspect. Anon, the friendly breeze of fortune disperses the threatening storm; prosperity's golden sun sheds forth its chearing rays, enervates the chilling blasts of bleak adversity, and decks the evening of his days in smiles of joy."

"And oft the ministers of fate reverse the pleasing scene!" said Trueman, who had entered the cottage unobserved, while Mr. Benley was speaking.

"You come very opportunely, my dear friend," said Mr. Benley, "to share the pleasure which our new acquired fortune gives." And after having informed Trueman of the contents of that letter—which himself had written—said, he had discovered the bounteous hand that gave him liberty. "I have compared," said he, "this letter of my Lord Belfont, with the one I received when under confinement; and I find the characters of each exactly corresponding. To his lordship therefore, I attribute the benevolent act. To-morrow," continued Mr. Benley, "we purpose leaving this humble dwelling, and once more take possession of our former mansion; where, I hope, my dear friend, we shall enjoy the pleasure of your company."

"You do me infinite honour, Sir," said Trueman; "and I will study to deserve your favour. But where is Miss Benley, Sir? I came purposely to enquire how she finds herself, after her last night's merriment."

"I believe you will find her in the garden," replied Mr. Benley. "She and her mother will keep you company for an hour or two, while I pay a visit to my friends in the village."

Trueman

Trueman walked to the bottom of the garden, and found his lovely Charlotte seated in a bower of osiers, which she herself had reared. She held a letter in her hand, which, as she perused, the tears of anguish fell from her sorrowing eyes. Trueman's approach roused the weeping maid; she started from her seat, hurried the letter into her pocket; and, with wildness in her air, darted an angry look at the astonished youth.

"Why, my lovely Charlotte!" said he, alarmed at her strangeness, "why do you thus angrily fix on me those streaming eyes?"

"Answer me faithfully," said she, "Art thou what thou seemest? or, beneath that mean attire, but ill according with thy polished phrase and manner, dost thou not hide——Ha! my fears are true! The blush of guilt has crimsoned o'er thy face: and that confused air, that sudden start, proclaim thee false!"

"Tell me," said Trueman, recovering himself, "the grounds on which you have raised this unkind suspicion of my honour?"

"This will inform you, Sir," replied Miss Benley, drawing from her bosom a paper—"A friend of Miss Benley advises her to be on her guard. Trueman is not what he seems; but, beneath the appearance of rustic honesty, harbours designs destrucive of her peace and honour."

"Now, Sir, what can you plead to this charge?" asked the suspicious maid.

"Miss Benley," said Trueman, in a firm and animated tone, "that I love you, I think, notwithstanding the insinuations of this vile incendiary, is still beyond dispute. That you approved my passion, nay, owned a mutual flame, is equally on the side of truth. To the charge here preferred against me, that I am not what I seem, I plead guilty; but, to the rest, with all my soul, I pronounce it a base falsehood; which, at the peril of my life, I will prove on its author, if ever fortune shall make the traitor known."

"Less warmth, methinks, Sir," said the angry maid, "will better serve the cause of truth."

"Less warmth, Madam," returned Trueman, "would confirm me the guilty wretch your hard thoughts, and this vile scroll, have made me. But tell me, Charlotte, if I can repel by truth indubitable this unjust arraignment of my honour, what reward I may expect?"

"Oh!" said the half-forgiving nymph, "clear but thyself of these gross suspicions, with which I do confess my mind is filled; appear but the man my fond wishes have formed thee; and, though fortune, while she raised me to the giddy heights of greatness, should sink thee to the lowest ebb of poverty,

I would reject the crowned monarch's hand, to share thy honest love!"

"Then dismiss thy fears," said the enraptured lover; "and know, that he who thus prostrates himself at thy feet, a willing slave, is the happy Belfont."

"Lord Belfont!" exclaimed the astonished Charlotte.

"Yes, my dear girl," he returned, "the rich, the happy Belfont, lives the vassal of your power. In the haunts of titled grandeur, and the sumptuous domes of greatness, I sought for beauty, worth, and honour; for pure, disinterested love; but fruitless was my search. In the calm sequestered shades of humble life, in the person of my lovely Charlotte, I have found them; nor would I, for all else beneath the canopy of heaven, forego the envied prize. But tell me, lovely girl," continued he, "from what envious hand didst thou receive this vile defamer of my truth?"

"Last night, when dancing on the green," replied Miss Benley, "a letter fell from your pocket. I took it up unobserved; and, after the company retired, perused its contents; from these I learned that you were in disguise."

"And the rest," replied Belfont, "your fears supplied?"

"Even so, my lord," in soft confusion, replied the lovely maid.

"Then, truly," said Belfont, "you had reason for suspicion. But come, my lovely bride—for such I may now call you," continued his lordship, "let us disclose our mutual passion to your parents. Their approbation gained, we then will name the happy day."

The yielding fair one gave him her hand, and he led her to the cottage; where he found Mr. Benley on the point of going out.

"May I entreat a moment's conversation before you leave us, Sir?" asked his lordship.

"Aye, my good Sir, an hour's, if you please," replied Mr. Benley.

"Thus it is, Sir," said Belfont. "Your daughter has beauty, worth, and innocence. To say I barely love her, falls far short of the measure of my affections. I sought, I gained, her fond regard; and it is now our mutual wish, with your consent, to exchange, at the altar, our holy vows, and sign a contract of eternal love."

"How say you, Charlotte?" asked Mr. Benley. "In this, does Mr. Trueman speak the wishes of your heart?"

"He has my free consent, Sir, to what he now proposes," answered the blushing maid.

"The request is somewhat sudden," resumed Mr. Benley. "It is true, I have found you worthy; and your merit well deserves the treasure which it seeks; but a tender regard for

the happiness of my child forbids me to give a too precipitate answer; and some little enquiry, methinks, is necessary to ——"

"True," interrupted Belfont; "it is a matter that requires the most serious consideration; and the reluctance which you feel to decide this important request, without examining the merits of the suitor, gives additional worth to your character. An accident," continued his lordship, "has revealed to the fair object of my wishes—or I should have worn the mask a few days longer—that he who sought to win her love, was not the lowly peasant he appeared. With angry voice she questioned my fidelity; and charged me—Heaven knows how wrongfully—with meditating designs against her honour. To repel this unjust suspicion of the purest passion that ever warmed the breast of a man, I threw aside disguise, and confessed myself the happy Belfont."

"Your lordship does not mean to sport with our misfortunes?" said the astonished parent.

"No, on my honour!" replied his lordship; "that which I have proposed, it is my most earnest wish should be accomplished."

"Then take her, my lord," said Mr. Benley, presenting to him his daughter's hand; and may she prove deserving of your love!"

"Thanks! a thousand thanks!" returned the grateful youth, "for the precious gift. And now, Sir, by your leave, we will again assemble our rustic friends, and spend the night in merriment; and to-morrow, yes! if my Charlotte will indulge the fond request, to-morrow's sun shall light us to the bridal bed!"

The lovely maid smiled consent; and Mr. Benley hastened to the village, where the joyful tidings soon spread. The tenants flew with chearful haste to pay their duty to their illustrious landlord, and none refused the invitation of his lordship.

"Joy reign'd, and pleasure lit the smiling scene."

The dance, the song, the catch, and mellow ale, went round; while time flew swiftly on; and night, almost unobserved, resigned her sable reign. The ruddy morn peeped o'er the misty mountain's top; and the gairish sun, with more than usual brightness, rose to grace the nuptials of the happy pair. Transplanted from the vale of humble life, into the gay parterre of stately grandeur, the virtues of the beauteous Charlotte in all their native splendour shone. The enamoured Belfont, each returning day, found in his lovely consort new beauties to admire; while a numerous offspring, emblems of

the race from whence they sprung, heightened the pleasures of the marriage state, and filled the measure of their earthly bliss.

ESSAY *on the* NEW YEAR.

" Thro' every period of my life,
Thy goodness I"ll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew!"

ADDISON.

THIS pious and proper intention of the sublime writer of the beautiful hymn from which the preceding lines have been extracted, cannot be impressed upon the human mind at a more striking period than at the commencement of a new year. We have recently been celebrating an epocha, which teems with blessings, and presents a perspective, abounding with inconceivable delights! Can we, then, seriously reflect upon the advantages which have been procured us, by the birth of that immaculate being, who, at this time, made his appearance upon earth, without finding our hearts glow with a mixture of veneration, gratitude, and love? Or can we suffer a thousand years (which in the eyes of omnipotence are as nothing) to obliterate the memorial of such abundant kindness from our mind?

No, it is impossible; for dead must be that heart to every sensation of gratitude, which does not feel, nay, forcibly feel, the blessings it derives from the *Saviour of Mankind's birth!* To rejoice at such an event is therefore natural; but, unfortunately, our joy is seldom kept within its proper bounds; and whilst assembling for the purpose of celebrating the birth of a Redeemer, we are apt to forget the purpose for which he came into the world.

At the commencement of the new year, we ought likewise to take a retrospect of the past one, and discover how many duties we have neglected, or performed imperfectly; how many actions we have committed which demand repentance; and how many frailties we are prone to, which call forth a deploring sigh? Were we to adopt this mode of conduct, the new year might be considered as the happiest epocha of our lives; for, instead of thoughtlessly persevering in an erroneous mode of conduct, there would, at least, be a check to irregularities for a certain period of time.

Few individuals can take a survey of the events which have occurred within the period of twelvemonths, without observing the wonderful vicissitude of situation which come within the

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focus of their own inspection. The wheel of fortune moves round with celerity; but what transitions occur within the space of the varying months! the being, elevated upon the pinnacle of prosperity is hurled into the abyss of poverty; and the man born to the humblest station towers upon the eagle's wings.

As such are the vicissitudes attached to our existence, and such are the changes which frequently occur; the reflecting man will naturally ask the question, "On what can I rest with a secure hope? where place my happiness, without the fear of disappointment; or where find compensation for those enjoyments I may lose?" The reply to this inquiry will be at once consoling and satisfactory; for it will be "on the promises of *Him* whose lips never uttered an untruth; who has assured us, that an unspeakable portion of happiness is reserved for the righteous in a future and more durable world."

Yet, let it not be supposed, that whilst we are taking a retrospect of past notions, or circumstances, cheerfulness and conviviality are to be excluded from our minds, or that we are to bewail past errors in dust and ashes, and renounce the social enjoyments of life. Far different were the doctrines of the great teacher of Christianity, whose first miraculous proof of divinity occurred at a marriage feast; and who has expressly forbidden that outward garb of sanctity, which too many are apt to fancy a necessary attendant on a pious life. "When ye pray," said the Saviour of Mankind to his disciples, "do not as the hypocrites do; but put on a cheerful countenance; for the Almighty is only pleased with the devout effusions of the heart." To that import, at least, was the advice given by the divine establisher of religious and moral duties; and it is surely sufficient to convince us that genuine piety does not consist in outward forms, or that religion is an enemy to cheerfulness, and requires us to renounce all the pleasures of the world. It is not the use, but the abuse, of enjoyments, which is forbidden; and, at no period of the year, can the devout Christian have greater reason to rejoice, than at the one in which we celebrate the birth of a Redeemer, who voluntarily resigned existence to insure us eternal happiness.

It may, perhaps, be deemed an illiberal mode of thinking, yet it certainly is founded upon the observations which I have made, during the period of a long life; but, whenever I see the brow of either sex overshadowed with gloominess, when cheerfulness and good-humour prevails in society, I am led to think the heart, which cannot beat responsive to the voice of pleasure, seldom glows with unaffected piety.

Aspacia is held up as a model of perfection, and she is externally adorned with many attractive charms; fortune has been no less bountiful than nature, but she wants that greatest

of female attractions a generous and feeling heart. Yet Aspacia regularly attends to the duties of religion, constantly frequents her church on the sabbath day, and if in society a tale of sorrow is related, the handkerchief, as if spontaneously, ascends to her eye. But Aspacia considers dancing as an immoral amusement; it gives rise, she observes, to too great familiarity of action between the sexes; and, if any of her acquaintance should incautiously avow a delight in blindman's buff, or hunt the slipper, their names would for ever be inserted in the black list.

Yet Aspacia has imprudently fallen in love with a clerk of her father's, a young man destitute of every recommendation but a fine person; with whom, after the family are retired to rest, she does not scruple to associate until two, three, or four o'clock in the morning. Humanity is a stranger to the bosom of Aspacia; whose parents were not born in an elevated station, but fortune having smiled upon unabating industry, they are now considered worth fifty thousand pounds. The same degree of success did not attend the brother of Aspacia's father, who, in fact, felt all the biting stings of indigent poverty; and who having unsuccessfully applied to the father of this reputed phœnix, at length resolved to implore the intercession of their niece. The soliciting epistle was delivered at a moment when it was imagined the tide of humanity would flow unrestrained; for Aspacia was returning home from a charity sermon, and a place where the duties of benevolence had been enforced and explained. With an unmoistened eye she perused the epistle, folded it up carefully, and returned it to the bearer, saying, "Tell the person who wrote this letter that I never presume to advise my parents." Then walked away with an air of so much satifaction as if she had been conscious of having performed a praise-worthy deed.

Account of Don Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace.

HE was born at Badajos about the year 1766 or 1767, of parents whose necessities were often relieved by the usual donation of soup, &c. at the convents, and who were occasionally employed in secreting smuggled goods during the night. Many of the respectable inhabitants of that city are still living witnesses of the miserable situation of the Godoy family. Their connection with smugglers*, however, increasing as the family acquired strength, it was doubtless that idea that first induced the two elder brothers Luis and Manuel, to become soldiers

* Badajos has existed many years by smuggling only, there being no legal commerce pursued that can be avoided.

soldiers in the king's life guards, where smuggling is carried on in the most open manner. Luis set out for Madrid, and entered a private soldier in the life guards, where he had not done duty long, before his portly figure caught the attention of the then princess of Asturias, who enjoyed the honours of queen, Charles III. being a widower. She began in her usual manner of sending him rich presents, such as a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, with her portrait set in gold, which which was generally worth an ounce of Spanish gold, or 3l. 12s. sterling. Sometimes articles of much greater value, and sometimes a purse full of ounces of gold. At length she ventured to procure him a pair of colours, and Luis appeared a complete officer. During this time Manuel arrived; and his brother's success enabled him to keep him as a cadet rather than to enter as a private soldier, hoping that he should soon be able to procure him preferment.

In the mean time the jealous eye of Charles III. regretting his error of forcing his son to marry, became every day more alert to the gross imprudences of his daughter in law, and he beheld her attachment to this new-made officer with the most poignant indignation, and sent him into exile, prohibiting his ever coming within twenty-five leagues of Madrid, giving him, however, the command of a company in the militia of Estremadura, and also of an old fortress in that province. He was also promised the cross of the military order of Alcantara, but Charles's passion was too violent to wait that ceremony, and he was dismissed with the nominal title of the order. This was the period when the family began to think seriously of nobility; and it was then that they found the noble appendage of de Alvarez. Whether the Godoys were originally of Alvarez, and had acquired a title to that seigniory, which the vulgar pronunciation of the Estremadurians had originally contracted, and in fine omitted, is a question I have not found any Spanish antiquary disposed to resolve. It now rests on the *ipse dixit* of the prince, and there exists no negative evidence. The exile of Luis was effected; and the queen (the princess of Asturias) with all the facility that one forgets a lady of easy virtue, forgot her lover in the pursuit of other gallants.

It has been said, but erroneously, that her majesty kept sending him presents in his exile, by the hands of Manuel, who was introduced to her by the duchess of Alva, under pretext of playing on the guitar; the latter circumstance is too ridiculous to require refutation: but the contrary is the fact, nor does it appear that the queen ever saw Manuel 'till after the death of Charles III. Indeed she was too much occupied in meeting with gallants whom she could enjoy, without spending in fruitless efforts the time necessary to her other amusements.

ments. During the long banishment* of Luis, Manuel procured an appointment in the guards, and also had married an amiable young woman, by whom he has had four or five children. At length the death of Charles III. gave existence to the era of our hero's glory. On this event Luis, hoping to be recalled from exile, determined on addressing a loving memorial to her majesty, recalling to her memory the numerous tender pledges of his attachment, and his eagerness again to approach her person. The difficulty of presenting this memorial to the hands of the queen herself, was the only obstacle; and for this Manuel was deemed the most proper person. This he performed *con acierto*†. Her majesty received the memorial most graciously, but was more struck with the young, bold, and brawny figure that presented it, than with the plaintive tale of an inamorato long since enjoyed. The queen, after appointing a more convenient hour to take the matter into consideration, and to converse with him personally, dismissed Manuel with a present, which at once indicated her private feelings and personal attachment. From this period fortune seems to have borne him on her wings to the temple of honour, as his advancement was as rapid as the smiles of that fickle goddess. Luis's exile was terminated, and he received a colonel's commission in the guards. But a new office was created for Manuel, adjutant-general of the life-guards, with the rank of major-general in the army. He had not held these situations long, 'till he succeeded, through the consummate address of the queen, in ingratiating himself with the king, and was shortly after made a lieutenant-general in the army, and called upon to be one of his majesty's ministers, in the capacity of first secretary of state. It was at this period that he acquired such a complete ascendancy over the king's mind, by doing every thing as he thought proper, without inquiring for his majesty's approbation. This was so flattering to the king's natural indolence, which hates political affairs, that he resolved never after to have another minister; and that he should

* The precipitation and rigour of banishment from the court of Madrid, present an example of merciless cruelty and tyranny: the *desterrados* are gone in an hour, no one knows where, no one dares to ask, and no one knows their former friends or connections, lest they should be involved in a similar fate. Nor does any one dare either to write or receive a letter. Thus a character, as popular in Madrid as some speakers in the house of commons in London, will be precipitated in a day into an oblivion as great as if dead forty years. These are the blessings of absolute monarchy!

† We have no word in English so emphatic as the above to express with effect.

should govern and direct the helm of the state as might be agreeable to his particular views. His majesty felt grateful to the man who had thus relieved him from the burden of government, and he continued pouring honours and wealth upon his head.

It was now that Manuel was to be ennobled, and it must be confessed, that he evinced address, in claiming nobility from his ancestors, rather than for his personal merit. Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez was created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of duke of Alcadia: the king bestowing on him the royal domain of Alcadia, and also the revenues of four of the most wealthy military orders, which must have been rather above than below £100,000 sterling a year. The now duke of Alcadia found his power unlimited; his most distant relatives all placed in the most lucrative offices; the most trifling favours of the court not to be obtained without his permission; and the ancient grandees of Spain paying their court to him, and attending his levees with equal assiduity as those of the king's. The queen's liberality to him, at least in her personal favours, was unremitting; and their amours now became so common, so public, and so much in defiance of all decency or decorum, that I should be sorry to abuse the language in a description of their wanton excesses. The period of the war with France arrived, in which the duke of Alcadia evinced more power than political sagacity. The grand council of Castile was summoned, which was then a spirited, and independent body. This council, with the brave count de Aranda at its head, decided in favour of defensive measures, contrary to those of the duke. Their timidity or prudence greatly incensed the duke of Alcadia, who, determined on offensive measures and on plunder, dissolved the council with great indignation, and banished the worthy count de Aranda to Sarragossa, where he arrived just long enough to witness the disgrace and downfal of his country.

RECENT MELANCHOLY SUICIDE, *near* DUBLIN.

A Gentleman, the youngest son of a beneficed clergyman of high respectability, paid his addresses to a young lady of genteel family, and considerable fortune, residing in the same neighbourhood. Her uncle, (under whose guardianship she was unhappily placed) had determined to marry her to what he called *up to rank*, and chose rather to see her splendidly miserable than made happy with a genteel competency. The lady's suitor was a physician, who, some time back, took the usual degree with the most promising hopes of success in his profession; his education, polite and classical, added to an

amiable disposition and the most accomplished manners, could not fail of making an impression on the young lady—his conduct towards her testified his high regard; and in a short time he was beloved with equal ardour. Insurmountable were the obstacles raised by the uncle, in order to prevent their union; he remonstrated on the impropriety of placing her affections on a person not possessed of one shilling, and who could have no expectations, either now or hereafter, of any paternal fortune; as to his profession, it was one of the very worst, for he might not be called in upon a *guinea voyage*, (as he termed it), for years to come; and, in hopes of alienating her regards for her lover, introduced into the family a major in the army; and, at the same time informed her, she was to consider him as her future husband. It seems he did not possess any of those nice feelings of honour and sensibility which should ever be the characteristic of a soldier—he was told of her predilection for another, which must ever prevent his prevailing upon a heart so completely devoted to Mr. ——, who was then in Scotland, and his arrival daily expected. This candid appeal had no effect; as he had the uncle's consent, he considered there was no other obstacle remaining.

In vain did this amiable young lady, bathed in tears, endeavour to dissuade her uncle from his cruel purpose. In fine, the wedding day was appointed, the clergyman arrived, and, with silent suffering composure, she allowed the fatal ceremony to be performed. The uncle, however, was soon convinced of his inhumanity—she had taken, in presence of her own maid, a cup of tea, mixed, as it afterwards appeared, with a considerable quantity of arsenic. She said it was the most delicious draught she had ever taken. Towards the close of the evening she got much indisposed, and in a few hours after breathed her last. On her dressing table was found the following letter:

"Tis over, and, by the time you receive this, I shall be no more; yet the only hour that I can call my own, I give to you, the only one that the hand of death has not a right to interrupt. Should I live, I trembled to think what a husband's rage might have inflicted, when he should find, (instead of the happiness he expected), a cold and indifferent heart. Surely it was impossible for two masters to share my affection—had I survived, you would feel that you had robbed me of what not all my fortune could purchase, or the world have power to bestow. Ever since I was taught to form a wish, it was that of being a tender wife and happy mother. From the time I could associate an idea, I looked upon matrimony as the source from which we were to derive finished happiness, or accumulated misery. Under this idea, alas! what delusive visions of

felicity did not the accomplshed mind and literary taste of Mr. —— once give me leave to form, such as no turn of fortune can again recal. But, what am I saying, and to whom? —to him who has robbed me of my peace and of my life. Can he now dry up those tears which he himself has caused to flow; or can he heal those wounds which he has so deeply inflicted?—But the worst is past; all the passions that have distracted me since I received your unfeeling mandate, to forget and be faithless to him on whom my heart doted, are hushed, and what little spirit remains will soon give way to the Supreme Director of all!"

Maria was in her 20th year! To the beauty of her form, and the excellence of her natural disposition, a parent, equally indulgent and attentive, (who died two years ago) had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her manners, and cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used, and they had been attended with success. Few young ladies attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them. It is needless to tell how severely the old gentleman now accuses his own weak conduct; nor can he ever forgive himself the wanton sacrifice of youth, innocence, and virtue, to miserable pelf and fashionable folly. This presents but a small view of the affliction of the families concerned. It may teach parents, whom heaven has blessed with children, rather to make them happy than great, nor violate those feelings which they have only a right to guide.

BAYNARD's CASTLE.

THIS castle was situated upon the very bank of the river, near the west end of Thames-street, and took its name from a Norman nobleman who erected the original fortress there, which was fortified by him, or one of his descendants, in 1111; and granted to Robert Fitzrichard, son of Gilbert earl of Clare, in whose family it remained for three centuries. In 1428, being then (probably by another forfeiture) a part of the royal possessions, it was almost entirely destroyed by fire, but was soon after granted to, and rebuilt by Humphrey duke of Gloucester, by whose attainder it reverted to the crown, and falling into the hands of Richard duke of York, was used on many occasions of formality as a regal palace, 'till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to whom, and to her successor, the earls of Pembroke appear to have been tenants at will.—Lodge, III. 344.

Answer, by J. Patten, at Evershot School, to J. French's Anagram, inserted the 14th of November.

TRANSPOSE TUTOR, and you'll find,
That TROUT's the fish 'twill call to mind.

☞ A similar answer has been received from W. B. of Bridgewater; J. Ball, at Evershot-school; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Colly, of St. German's; F. Arden, S. Duck, and P. G. of South Petherton.

Answer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to R. Loosemore's Charade, inserted the 14th of November.

THE CUTLASS oft inflicts a wound,
That fells the warrior to the ground.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Saunders, of Exeter; H. B. and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. Kent, near Camelford; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; F. Arden, P. G. and Samuel Duck, of South Petherton; J. W. of Charmouth; J. Fairweather, and R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; Thomas Hawken, of Camelford; J. Colley, of St. German's; T. Pearse, of Chard; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; C. Dean, of Fair Mile Ottery; S. Tucker, of Bugford; and Radius, of Noss Revelstoke school.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to J. A. Dyer's Enigma, inserted the 14th of November.

DID not the NEEDLE lend its aid,
The fearless mariners to guide,
How oft would they be doom'd to steer,
Across the seas, not knowing where!

*** Similar answers have been received from S. Duck, P. G. and Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; J. Saunders, of Exeter; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; J. Patten, J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; Philo Musæus, of Yeovil; C. Dean, of Fair Mile Ottery; Radius, of Noss Revelstoke school; C. Crews, Newton Abbot; J. Colley, of St. German's; T. Pearse, of Chard; W. Kent, near Camelford; and G. Spry, of Egg Buckland.

A CHARADE, *by J. Prinn, a Fifer at Ottery Barracks.*

YE blooming spinsters! ever deign to be
My first to him who loves you honourably;
While yet my second on your cheek appears,
And dread the dire effects produc'd by years:
And should my meddling whole objections make,
You must not any notice of them take.

A REBUS, *by R. Withall, of Plymouth.*

A Spice, kind gents. must be transpos'd;
And if my next you would disclose,
A beast you must select;
One letter of the same pray change,
Tho' it to you may seem quite strange,
An animal detect.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

*Extract from (a Poem just published) "The Family Picture, or Domestic Education," addressed from a Country Gentleman to the Bishop of *****.*

——OFT, in trivial features have I read,
Thro' sylvan glades by meditation led,
My children's fates, and mingling smiles with tears,
Mus'd on the shadowy lapse of distant years.

But yester morn, eccentric as I rov'd,
I sketch'd a little groupe of forms belov'd;
Tho' (not like academic painting fair)
Parental fear infus'd its colouring there.
With early steps, thro' forest-foliage dark
I stole, ere carol'd "at Heaven-gate" the lark.
All was one quiet gloom. Slept every breeze:
The cold moon sank behind the silent trees:
And on their trunks as mists hung gleaming grey,
And faint stars twinkled in the dawn of day,
Slow on my sallow path, leaf after leaf,
In stillness felt. A momentary grief
Awak'd the starting tear. And "Oh!" I cried,
"Thus shall I fall, and thus all human pride!
Yet imag'd in my race, I reappear,
Each a fresh leaf, to spread and flourish here:
And on each product of a fruitful spring,
Hopes and chill fears their rays and shadows fling;
Shew EDWARD in brown vigour stout and staunch,
Thro' storms adhering to his oaken branch,
Unwithering, tho' around the verdure fade,
And the last-left of all the summer-shade;
Shrink from my puny WILLIAM's aspin hue,
And with his aspin tremour tremble too;
Paint in the pleasant ease of artless JANE,
The graceful leaf that flows along the plane;
In ANNE's retiring bloom, her virgin prime,
Its coy sweets shut from day, the fragrant lime;
In KATE the succulent green sycamore,
And its rich suntints, varied every hour—
Yet all—how dance in air our quivering joys—
A breath enlivens, and a breath destroys!"

Ah! these are lonely reveries—the dreams
With which unsocial melancholy teems!
'Tis only with my LUCY, I resume
The heavenly trust that scatters all the gloom;
And, looking thro' futurity's dim glass,
Pencil the fleeting objects as they pass.

Oft, ambush'd in its storm as winter shrouds
The short pale day, and gleams from brassy clouds,
Perch'd on the battlements as Eurus lours
In one deep pause, and shakes the whistling towers;
We bid new comfort clothe the genial hall,
And light, with ashen blaze, its pannel'd wall.

Then, as our offspring each fond thought engage,
Our fancies wander to a future age.

* * * * * *

And Oh! perhaps, our mortal journey o'er,
When all that pleas'd the sense shall charm no more,
When these poor frames in dust shall disappear,
Our spirits, for a while, may linger here;
Thro' the long day our offspring guide aright,
And watch their slumbers in the gloom of night;
Bar every avenue to sin or woe,
Check in mid aim, or meet the uplifted blow;
Or (since from error not an angel's care
Can shield us, or detect the frequent snare)
Foster the fervent prayer to be forgiven,
And speed the sigh of penitence to Heaven;
New ardour to the pious wish impart,
And fan the hope just kindling in the heart;
'Till now, the world receding, we sustain
Friends doubly dear, and lull their earthly pain;
Smooth, at the closing hour, their couch of death;
And, trembling as we catch the parted breath,
In triumph wait them, where in endless rest
The just rejoice, "the pure in heart" are blest.

A CHRISTMAS PIECE.

WHILE noisy riot and intemperate mirth
Disgrace the period of the Saviour's birth,
The pious Christian acts a nobler part;
He, from the altar of a grateful heart,
Bids pure devotions rise
Like incense to the skies;
He loves hope-kindling songs,
Such as seraphic throngs
Hymn'd forth at midnight to their new-born king,
That made with gladness Bethlehem's vallies ring;
What time wise sages travelling from afar,
Had watch'd the motion of God's pilot star,
Led by whose shining ray
To where the young child lay,
His infant limbs they found
In swaddling raiment bound,
And wonder-struck by majesty divine,
Paid adoration at his humble shrine,
And laid their costly gifts, and perfumes sweet,
With lowly reverence at Immanuel's feet.
So the glad Christian now
With reverence low will bow,
And chearful homage pay
On this auspicious day,
And hail with thankfulness the hallow'd morn
On which his Saviour king was born:
He like that Saviour kind will bless the poor,
Nor turn unfed the hungry from his door.
Oh lovely charity! to thee
Man owes immense felicity.
And all the blessings this day given
By Him who brought thee down from Heaven.

S. W.

Bath.